

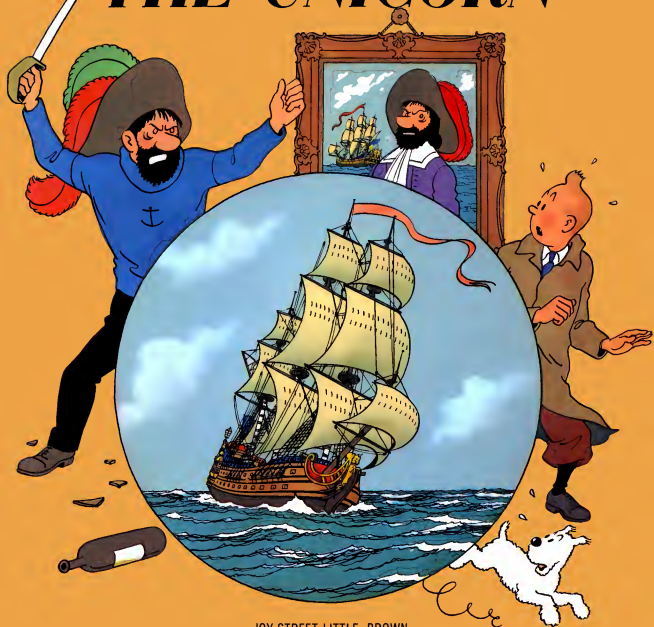
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

\*

**THE SECRET  
OF**

***THE UNICORN***

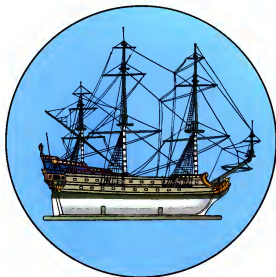


JOY STREET-LITTLE, BROWN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

**THE SECRET  
OF  
*THE UNICORN***



LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper  
and Michael Turner

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# THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



## NEWS IN BRIEF

**A**N alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.

Good idea. Let's go.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!

Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bar-gains? Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?

Eight bob for the lot.



Six shillings.

Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...



See? You've always got to haggle a bit, here.



?



My wallet's been stolen!



But that's absurd!... You must have left it at home... or perhaps you've lost it?

No, I'm sure someone's stolen it!



Here, you hold these sticks. I'll pay.



Just the sort of thing that would happen to you! ... To go and let someone pinch your wallet!



?



Mine's gone too!



Here, let me pay for them.

Thanks very much, Tintin. We'll pay you back tomorrow.



There.

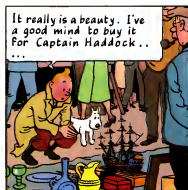


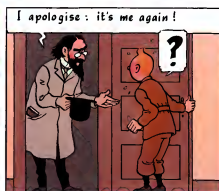
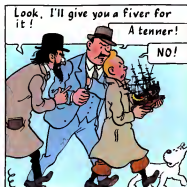
Goodbye! We're going to report this straight away ...



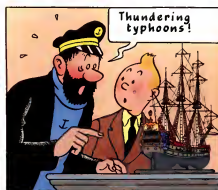
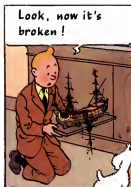
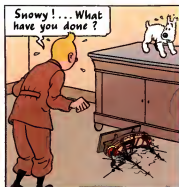
Stop thief!... Help!... My suitcase!...













Here we are! Now ...



You'll see ...



Look!



Is ...  
is that  
you?...



No, it's one of my  
ancestors, Sir  
Francis Haddock.  
He lived in the  
reign of Charles  
the Second.

But just take a closer look  
at that ship in the back-  
ground...



It's just like the one you  
saw in my room, isn't it?

Exactly!... It's the same  
ship!... It's identical!...  
Don't you think that's  
remarkable?



There's a name here. Look  
there, in tiny letters:  
**UNICORN**

So there is: **UNICORN**.  
I'd never noticed it.



Maybe there's a  
name on mine too...  
We should have  
brought it along.  
Wait here: I'll go  
and fetch it.



If mine has the  
same name, that'll  
really be funny...



Let's see ...



Great snakes!... It's gone!





Hello?... Yes... Ah, it's you... Well, has your ship got the same name?... What did you say?... It's been stolen?

Yes, stolen!... Do I suspect anybody? No one at all... at least... Look Captain, I'll ring you again later...

Yes... he's the only possibility...



Just you wait, Mr. Ivan Ivanovitch Sakharine!



Here we are...

I've a hunch that we're off on one of our adventures again...



RRRING



Something tells me he's going to get a surprise when he opens the door!



Ah, there you are!... Come in... I was expecting you.



What?... Expecting me?... Then you know why I've come.

But of course...



You've come to tell me that you'll sell your ship after all...

Certainly not!

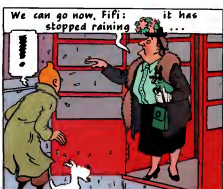
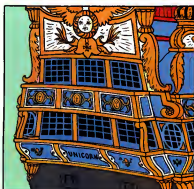


Not?... Then I don't understand...

Is this where you keep your collection?... I've come to tell you, sir... that my ship has been stolen...



... and that I'm waiting for you to explain how it comes to be here!





No reply : the Captain must have gone out. We'll go home...



As for my burglar, it must have been the second man who tried to buy the ship ...



My door's open ! ... What can be the matter now ? ...



My flat has been ransacked ! ...



The gangsters ! What have they done to my books ?



This one is completely ruined ! ... The vandals !



Burgled twice in one day ... Not bad at all !



What have they taken this time ?



Very queer thieves : they haven't taken a thing .

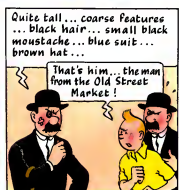


They've only searched the place... I wonder what they were looking for ? ...



*Next morning ...*







Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...



What are you after, Snowy?



A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



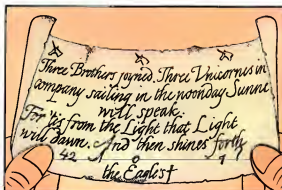
Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it...

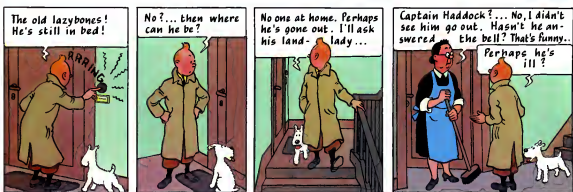


Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?







Captain!... Captain! Open the door!... It's me... Tintin...



Not a sound...

Still no answer...



THUMP THUMP THUMP

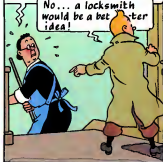


Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?

No... a locksmith would be a better idea!



I think... yes, he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!...



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?...



Nope... can't do it, guv! The door's bolted...



We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage...

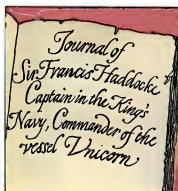


One... two...



CRASH







Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Sail on the port bow!

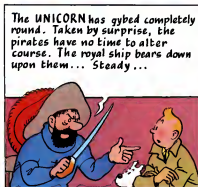
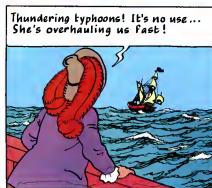
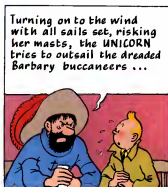


Thundering typhoons!.. She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



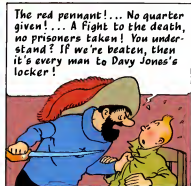
And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...







Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant! ... No quarter given! ... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns ... She draws closer...

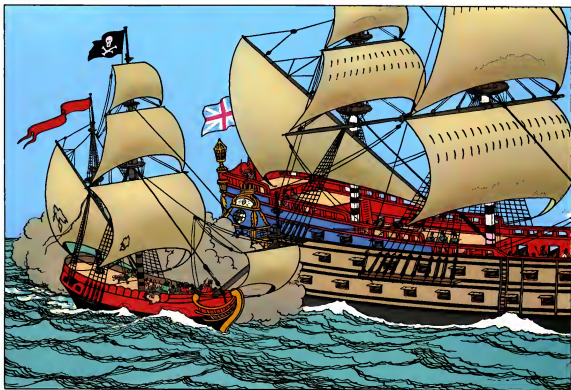


Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop... whoosh, like that!



Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...





Here they come ! Grappling irons are hurled from the enemy ship. With hideous yells the pirates stream aboard the UNICORN.



All hands to repel boarders !





Stand back! Out of my way!  
Can't you see the pirates swarm-  
ing over the side!



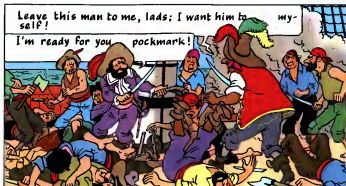
Back, you dogs!

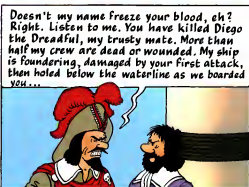


Back, you rats! Avast, sea-  
lice!  
Belay, lubberly scum!









These are worth more than six times a king's ransom ...

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just administer a lin-

death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this...



That's enough, Captain! Go on with your story...



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk...



Abominably!... Yes abominably... that's the word



Hey, what's the idea?... I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand.



Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk...

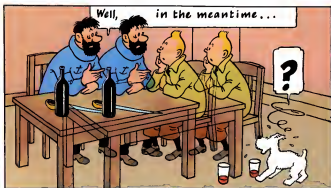


AAAAA-AAAAH!



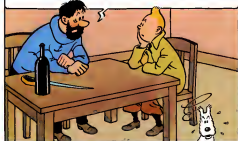


That's funny!  
Now there are  
two glasses!



Well, in the meantime...

In the meantime Sir Francis struggled desperately to free himself...



Just you wait, my lambkins! Ration my rum if Sir Francis Haddock doesn't soon give you something to remember him by...



Done it! That's one hand free!



Free! Now I'm free!



On your guard, Red Rackham: here I come!



And with these words he hurled himself...



On the pirates?..  
Like that?..  
Unarmed?..

No, on a bottle of rum, rolling on the deck!... He opened it, put it to his lips, and...



And then he stops. "This is no time for drinking," he says, "I need all my wits about me." With that, he puts down the bottle...



Yes, he puts down the bottle... and seizes a cutlass. Then, looking towards the fo'c's'le where the drunken roistering still goes on...



You sing and carouse, little lambs!... I'm off to the magazine!



You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



There!... The party won't be complete without some fireworks!



Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before she goes up!



So, I've caught you!



So, dog, high! have I'll be- you'd blow us sky-high! Well, you won't have that pleasure! I'll skin you alive, fore I even douse that fuse!



By Lucifer! I'll shave your beard, porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers, squawking popinjay! Fancy-dress freebooter! Fresh water pirate! Pithecanthropus!

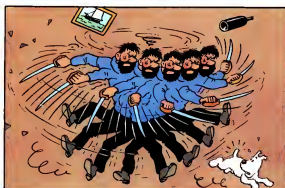


Retreat as you may, you cannot escape me!

I'll run you through, prattling porpoise!

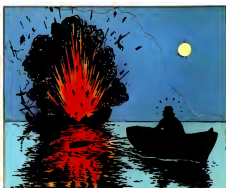








Just look at the j-jolly-boat...  
[sh... ish  
going  
away...  
Nonshensh! You're  
sheeing shings...  
you'sh drunk...



Murrah! Justice is done!



So perished the UNICORN, that stout ship commanded by Sir Francis Haddock. And of all the pirates aboard her, not one escaped with his life...

What happened to Sir Francis after that?



He made friends with the natives on the island, and lived among them for two years. Then he was picked up by a ship which carried him back home. There his journal ends. But now comes the strangest thing in the whole story...



On the last page of the manuscript there is a sort of Will, in which he bequeaths to each of his three sons a model - built and rigged by himself - a model of the very ship he once blew up rather than leave her to the pirates. There's one funny detail: he tells his sons to move the mainmast slightly aft on each model.

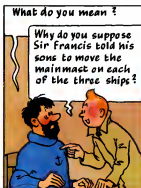
"Thus," he concludes, "the truth will out".



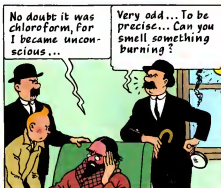
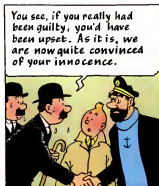
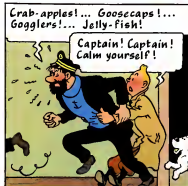
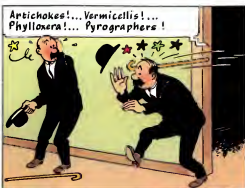
That's it, Captain!... Red Rackham's treasure will be ours!



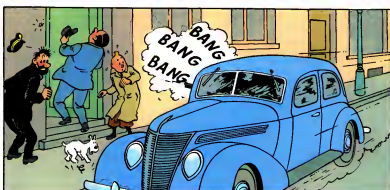














*Next morning...*

# SHOOTING DRAMA

**A**n unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No. 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor Devil. No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows.



Hello, Captain! Come in... I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man...



Hello?... Is that the House-Surgeon? This is Tintin... Good-morning, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?... Is there any hope? A little... yes... Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead.

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious", as the Thomsons would say.



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!



My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!

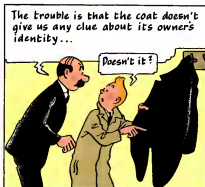
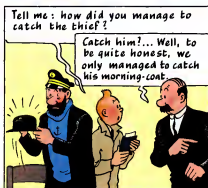
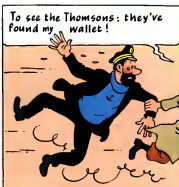


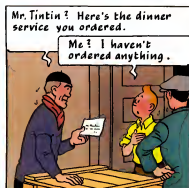
Stop, villain!

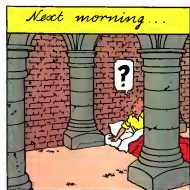




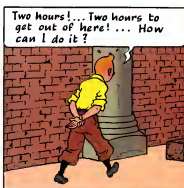
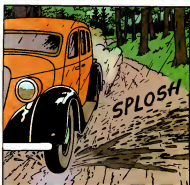














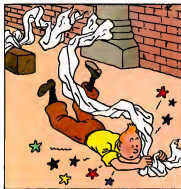
First I'll knot these sheets and blankets together...



Then tie them securely to this beam...



And pull! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave! ...



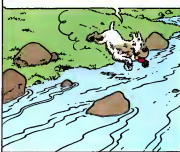
Start again: I've simply got to move this beam. Now...



Meanwhile...

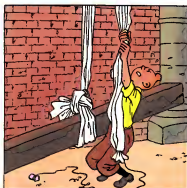


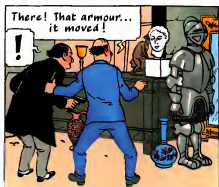
A quick bath and I'll soon get rid of this mud.

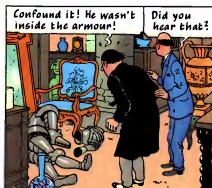
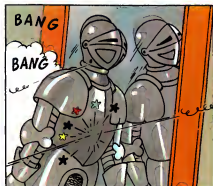
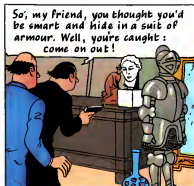


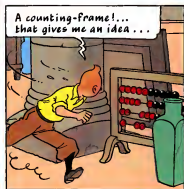
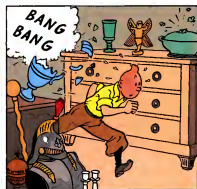
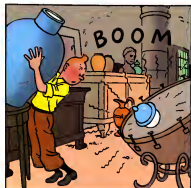
Aha! It's good to be nice and clean again.



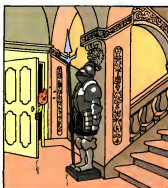
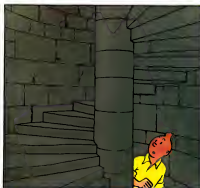












Now I see what he meant-  
the man who was shot-  
pointing to the birds.  
He was giving us the  
name of his attackers!  
... Just look at this  
letter ...



Quick, let's ring up the  
Captain ...



Hello... yes... it's me... yes...  
Who's speaking? What?  
Tintin!... I... Where are  
you? Hello?... Hello?...  
Hello?... Hello?... Are you  
there?...



What am I doing here?... I... er...  
I'm Mr. Bird's new secretary.  
Didn't you know that?...



I... no, I hadn't heard.  
Please excuse me, sir.



Hello, Nestor!... A young ruf-  
fian's broken into the house!  
Stop him telephoning his ac-  
complices! We're coming at  
once. Don't let him get away,  
whatever you do!



Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin-  
spike Hall... Bring the police!  
Drop that tele-  
phone, you!



Starlings bite?  
... Hello?...  
Hello?... Starlings  
bite what?...

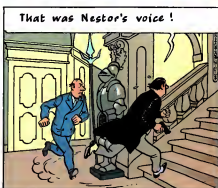


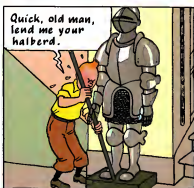
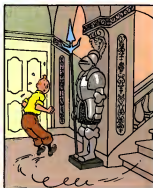
Marlinspike, Captain!  
Marlinspike Hall!



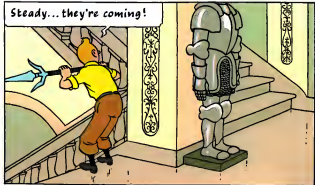
What?... Martin's  
bike?... Hello?...  
Hello?... Thunder-  
ing typhoons!  
What's going on?







Steady... they're coming!



This way out!



The front door just slammed. Get up, you two. He'll escape us...



Free at last!

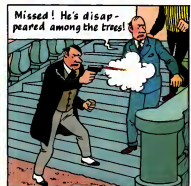


There he goes!



Crumbs, they're after me again!

Missed! He's disappeared among the trees!



Fetch Brutus, Nestor! Quickly!

Brutus?  
Very well, sir!



What an enormous park: it's like a forest...



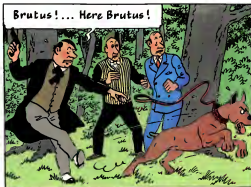
WOOF!  
WOOF!



Find him, Brutus! Find him!











Where are they going?  
... Oh, I see: that  
little wretch is taking  
care to put Brutus  
back in his kennel.



WOOF!  
WOOF!

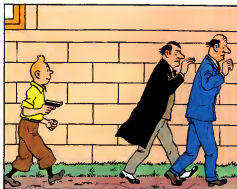
That's that! And now, gentle-  
men, we'll go to the police-  
station!



They're coming back this  
way: they'll pass under  
the ground-floor win-  
dows. Perhaps there's  
some way...



Keep cool, Nestor!



Here they come!  
Careful, don't miss...



Nestor!



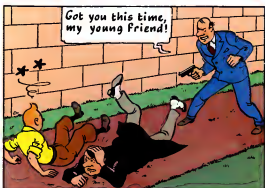
Oh, dear, I didn't hit  
him hard enough...



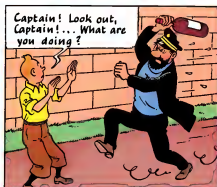
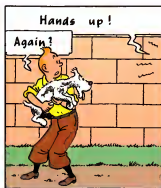
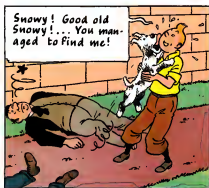
Now then,  
once more...



Oh dear!!



Got you this time,  
my young Friend!







That's one for you, sycophant!



That thug had come round - he was just going to shoot you...

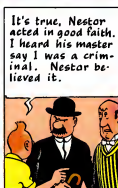


Let me go!... I keep telling you - it's all a mistake: I'm not the one to arrest...



Ah, here come Thomson and Thompson... Hello.

It's this little ruffian, this little wretch who broke into the house and terrorized my masters; he's a real gangster, Mr. Detective...



It's true, Nestor acted in good faith. I heard his master say I was a criminal. Nestor believed it.



Then your masters are the criminals. Look what's left of my bottle of three-star brandy! It's all their fault!... They're gangsters!... dizzards!... baboons!

And what's more, we have a warrant for their arrest.



My wallet! My wallet! It's incredible!



But your wallet's there...

That's just what's incredible: no one has stolen it!



By the way, what about that pickpocket?... Have you managed to lay hands on him?

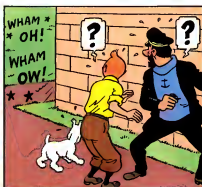
Not yet, but it won't be long now.

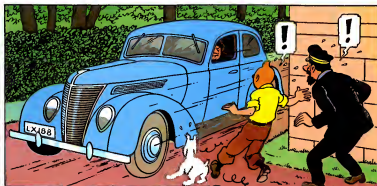


We got his name from the Stellar Cleaners: he's called Aristides Silk. We were just about to pull him in when we were ordered to arrest the Bird brothers, and here we are...



Quiet! Quiet! Listen to me!





Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man, who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

And next day he visited Mr. Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment...

That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking...

... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?

We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was...

Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?

Hurrah! That's it!

At last! ... He's managed to get it ... off for me ...

Come on, Captain, we'd better help this poor chap ...

Ready! Steady! He-e-eave!

Whoops!



Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr. Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls ...

Yes, we've got one ...



One! Great snakes! We haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!



Give me back the parchment you stole from my room!



Give it back?... That's impossible... Max has it in his pocket!



Ring up the police-station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number - LX 188. Then we'll go straight back to town...



Right!

*Next morning...*

Now for Mr. Sakharine...



Mr. Sakharine! He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight.



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me if they've found Max Bird...



Good morning. Are you going out?... I just came to ask you...

Sh! Mum's the word! Come with us!



Where are we going?

You'll soon see...

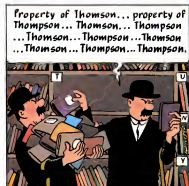


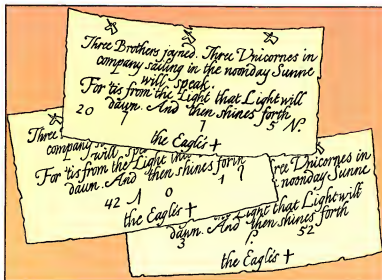
*... and a few minutes later...*



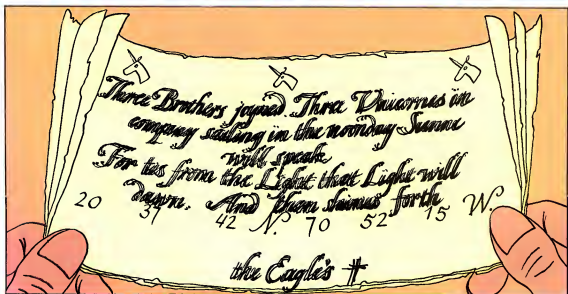
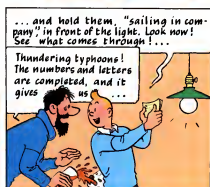






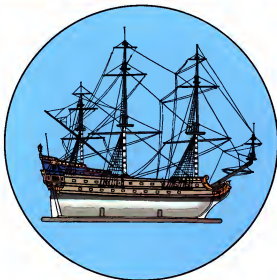


No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but I've had enough: I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do without it; I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!





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